

I never did get to his front door. He met me half-way
— he put his arm around me — Henry Miller — My Hero.

Before and after.

— Steve Richmond

Santa Monica CA

THE ANNOUNCER (1982)

here I sit
again
as the man on the radio
tells me, "for the next
3 hours we will be listening
to ..."

it's now eleven p.m.
I've heard this man's
voice
for many years.
he must be very
old.
his station plays the best
variety of classical
music.

I don't recall how many
women I have lived with
while listening to his
station,
or during that time
how many cars I've
owned
or how many places I've
lived in.

now each time I hear him,
I think, well, he's still
alive, he sounds all right
but the poor fellow must be
very old.

some day
he'll have his funeral,
a little trail of cars
following the limo with
his hearse.

and then I'll have to
listen to
a new voice.

he must be very old.
poor fellow.
every time I hear his voice
again
I pour a tall one
take a good hit
knowing he's made
one more
night
along with me ...
typing away
here

HE LEFT (1983)

I was writing this poem
late at night
about a classical composer
but I wasn't positive I knew
how to spell his name
exactly
and I wanted to do the poem
right
and I wanted to do the poem
then
so I thought about phoning
anybody I might know
who knew how to spell
this composer's name
and it was then that
I realized how few people
I knew —
which was all right —
I decided to phone the
classical music station
I listened to each night
while drinking and
typing.
I got information
and they gave me the
number.
my call was answered
by somebody who said:
"Security ...?"
"listen," I asked,
"is there anybody there
who can spell this
composer's name?"
"who do you want?"
the man asked.
I spoke the
name.
"oh, he went home,"
the man told me.